MASSACRE OF SALT CREEK PRAIRIE

and

THE COW-BOY'S VERDICT

By

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U. S. ARMY

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A Frontier Line—Border Posts

SHORTLY after the Civil War when the hostile Indians became more and more threatening and aggressive, and their murderous acts and numerous raiding and plundering excursions so serious as to compel the Government to adopt more vigorous measures to control them, or, about 1867, it became necessary to establish a line of forts, or, more properly speaking, posts—for none of them were enclosed works or even stockaded enclosures—to guard the extreme Western Counties of Texas, then impossible to settle on account of this ever increasing Indian menace.

The security and safety of this entire outer line, and the protection of its settlers, was the work cut out for a part of our little regular army as a police force—and it proved, in more ways than one, a most strenuous, almost herculean task.

These outlying posts and sub-posts were, so far as they can now be recalled, Fort Richardson, the most northerly, located in Jack County, on Lost Creek, a small tributary of the West Fork of the Trinity River, and about 7 miles from its mouth. It was built by the Sixth U. S. Cavalry and occupied Nov. 26, 1867, and abandoned May 23, 1878, having fulfilled the object for which it was built. It was used as an Indian School for a short time afterwards. Originally a 5 company post it was expanded by extending its lines of officers and men's quarters by tents to ten or more companies. It was about 450 miles N. W. from San Antonio. This post was named for Brig. General Israel Richardson who was killed at the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Next came Fort Griffin in Shackleford County, located on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. It was about 370 miles N. W. of San Antonio. It was originally a part of Maxwell's Ranch, and was built by Lieut. H. B. Mellen of the Sixth Cavalry and occupied July 29, 1867—abandoned about 1879. It was named for Gen. Charles Griffin, the original Commander of the famous West Point Battery (afterwards Battery "D" Fifth U. S. Art'y) who later commanded the First Division of the Fifth Corps—A. P.—and finally the Corps at Appomattox C. H. He died of yellow fever at Galveston in 1867. Next in the line came Fort Concho, Tom Green Co.

The history of the great Concho region had its beginning long before the Pilgrim Fathers saw Plymouth Rock; many years before the English heard of Jamestown. Unreliable tradition accredits Cabeza de la Vaca and his followers with having passed through the domain of Concholand during their wanderings in 1535–6; reliable history records the fact that two Franciscan Fathers visited the Conchos in 1580, more than 100 years before the French pioneer, LaSalle, mistook Matagorda Bay for the Mississippi and erected a fort at Dimit's Point on the La Vaca. It is a strange, thrilling story of these two fathers, too lengthy for repetition here. An invitation had reached them at Paso del Norte, asking them to visit one of the East Texas tribes of Indians and there establish a mission. They responded and in their travels they came to the country of the Yojuanes, where they tarried several months expounding the holy faith to the Indians and baptizing a large number of their children. They explored the surrounding country and made a very correct map thereof, the same which is yet preserved in the Archivo General in the City of Mexico. On this map are outlined two rivers, the one on the north they gave the name of "Concha," the Spanish for Conch, or shell, and to the river on the south, they gave the name "Perla," the Spanish for pearl. Hence on that old map, one may see

the "Rio de las Conchas" and the "Rio de las Perlas" in the clear outline. While here, they found many pearls in the Rio de las Perlas, and hence the name bestowed upon that stream. Some of these pearls were sent to the Viceroy of Mexico, some were sent to the Spanish Monarch in Spain, while, according to tradition, two of the largest and best were sent to Rome to adorn the Papal crown. Studying the narrative of these two Missionary Fathers, one is led to the conclusion that the town of this tribe, the Yojuanes, was located at or near the confluence of these two rivers, the Rio de las Conchas, now the North Concho, and the Rio de las Perlas, or South Concho, but there is nothing on the map they made to confirm this conclusion.

Reckoning from the date of visitation of these early missionaries, two hundred and eighty years were added to the roll of centuries past before any permanent settlements were made by the white race in Concholand. True, it was often visited by trappers, hunters, rangers and surveying parties. Captain Shropshire, an aged veteran and ex-ranger, now living in North Angelo, was a member of Burleson's Rangers and with that company spent several weeks here on the Conchos in 1852. In 1862, the Chisolm ranch was established in the Concho Country and the year following, the late Frank Tankersley* effected, so far as I can ascertain, the first permanent settlement in Concholand.

*A town near old Fort Concho was named "Tankersley"—after him—one of the early pioneers of that country. John Warren Hunter of San Angelo—who died in 1914—a newspaper and magazine writer on border history and pioneer reminiscences writes in the San Angelo Standard of Feb. 18, 1914, as follows:—"Lieutenant Carter, the now Captain Carter U. S. A. (retired), was well and favorably known to the early pioneers of Concholand, and his memory is yet cherished by the survivors of the Old Guard. During his long term of service on the Texas border, he became familiar with every trail made by savages and outlaws; mastered every phase of Indian ruse, signs, signals and strategy, and in the course of time, he became a terrer, not only to the Comanches, but to evil doers of every description. His courage and prowess was aptly voiced in the remark of the late Frank Tankersley, who, on a certain occasion in the early 70's was asked about an Indian raid then being made in the country and who

Then came the posts of Forts Stockton, Davis, Bliss (at El Paso), McKavett, McIntosh and Inge. There were several sub posts or intermediate stations, located at different periods—more for rapid communication, by courier between posts, than to fulfill any practical offensive or defensive purpose. The principal ones were Bothwick's Station on Salt Creek—about half way between Fort Richardson and old Fort Belknap an abandoned post on the Brazos River—Camp Wichita near Buffalo Springs, between Fort Richardson and Red River station—and Mountain Pass—between Fort Concho and Fort Griffin. There were then no railroads running into San Antonio—the "Sunset" Route from Indianola being uncompleted. There were no railroads between the posts—and the roads connecting these posts with the outside world were the stage roads,—mere trails—starting from San Antonio as a center, and running as the "El Paso Stage Line," with its branches, a distance of nearly 900 miles to that town on the Mexican border. Four horse Concord coaches started from San A— but long before the first post was reached (McKavett being the nearest) they were replaced

it was that led the squad of the Fourth Cavalry that had gone out that morning. "That was Lieutenant Carter," replied Mr. Tankersley. "The Indians have a day's start on him, but he'll follow their trail to the jumpin' off place, and when he comes up with 'em and gets through with 'em, the ground will be tore up, the bushes bit off, an' blood, hair, livers an' lights will be scattered all round." Such was the estimate set upon the gallant Lieutenant Carter of the Fourth Cavalry. Nor was this estimate confined to any particular locality but it became state and national in scope, to the extent that he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for "Most Distinguished Gallantry in Action with Comanche Indians," and the "Grateful Thanks of the State of Texas for prompt action and gallant conduct," etc., by the State legislature in joint assembly. Captain Carter and three of his brothers served in the Army of the Potomac throughout the four years' war and is the author of "Four Brothers in Blue," a copy of which he has kindly sent me and I find it one of the most thrilling narratives of soldier life it has ever been my good fortune to possess. Nothing, however, the scholarly soldier has ever written will command greater interest in Texas than his "Reveille and Taps, or On the Border with Mackenzie," when the work comes from the press and the distinguished author may feel the assurance that Texans will exhaust the entire edition, and I may safely say that it will find its way into no less than 1000 homes in San Angelo." The writer is indebted to Mr. Hunter for much of the historical knowledge of Fort Concho, San Angelo, and the settled regions in that country since the old Indian days.

by small two seated Concord mail wagons which carried the driver and an Infantry guard. Two mules were "hooked" to this vehicle. The "relays," or stage stations were about 20 miles apart, and if the mules were wild and unbroken—as they usually were—they were led out blind folded and "hooked into" the stage; the driver mounted to his seat and took the lines, while the blinded mules were held, and at a signal from him the blinders were "jerked loose," and the mules keeping the trail made the run to the next station when this method was again repeated. Our mail was tri-weekly, unless the water courses were high and "booming," and then, with all stages and wagon trains "water-bound," it was a "gamble" if we got one mail a month, mounted couriers oftentimes being sent out to meet the stages and bring in the mail pouches on their saddles. Frequently our food supplies ran very low on account of the slowness of the Mexican freighters or "bull whackers" who, with their double two-wheeled Carreta loads and 6 or 8 pairs of steers or "bulls" yoked by the horns (a method which would drive a yankee farmer crazy), would often go into camp by a stream for ten days, forgetting in the meantime to see if the water had all run out so that they could again begin their long journey. "Manana" or "por la Manana"—Indianola on the Gulf, 550 miles away, was our first base and Bremond on the Texas Central, its terminal, (it had not then reached Dallas) was our second supply base—and the "Katy" had not reached the Red River—but was "hooked up" somewhere North of Atocha, I. T. Later, our bases were shifted to nearer points.

The entire border was ablaze, and the stories that these wretched settlers brought in from time to time of murders, rapine, burning, pillaging and plundering was almost heartrending. We were kept in an almost constant state of alarm and preparation for active work, and seldom a week or a month went by (these alarms generally occurring at the full of the moon) that we were not in the saddle

scouting after these thieves, marauders and murderers, and always handicapped by the number of hours it took to bring the news of a raid to the post, and for us to reach the scene of operations, as well as by the fact that the Indians always had fresh mounts from their loose herds or "caviards" which they always drove on the flanks, and which they could use as relays every 20 miles or more, while we were absolutely confined to our one Government horse or mule whose speed and endurance was always limited by the distance traveled and the start which the raiders would invariably have of us. This without explanation, was always an enigma to the average citizen or member of Congress far away from the scene, and comfortably ensconced in an office chair, beside an open grate with a good cigar and a tall high-ball or a mint julep to suck through a straw at the Capitol or "The Willard." "Why can't our army officer, on fleet, well groomed horses overhaul Indians in a hundred mile chase, mounted on scrubby, scurvy ponies or "Cayuses"?" The reason is herewith given in brief.

Most of the settlers, cattlemen and ranchers had moved into the near posts for protection, abandoning their ranches, except a few of the more daring, and it was with these that we kept in close touch and communication for news of the frequent bloody Indian incursions, and thieving raids for horses and cattle.

Fort Concho—A Brief History

This was about the situation along hundreds of miles, in fact the entire Texas border, while we were waiting for the arrival of our new Colonel—Ranald S. Mackenzie, who had achieved such an enviable record as a Cavalry Corps Commander under Sheridan during the Civil War; with such a brilliant reputation we expected much from his leadership. The headquarters of the Fourth Cavalry which had been at San Antonio, were now, 1871, at Fort Concho.

Fort Concho

The establishment of a military post on the Conchos and its occupancy by United States troops for a period of nearly fifteen years, becomes a part of the history of San Angelo,* and for that reason a brief history of Fort Concho becomes necessary and highly relevant in this connection.

In 1866, a commission was appointed by the Secretary of War, to visit all the frontier posts of Texas, which had been abandoned by the U. S. government at the beginning of the Civil War. This commission accompanied by an escort consisting of two companies of cavalry, left San Antonio in June or July, 1866, and came by way of Fredericksburg, Fort Mason and Fort McKavett, and thence across to Spring Creek, where they remained in camp several days, prospecting, as per instructions from Washington, for a suitable location for the erection of a new army post. The result was the selection of the delta formed by the junction of the North and South Concho rivers, and on this point of land, chosen on account of the abundance of wood, water, good range for cavalry horses and its advantages from a strategic standpoint. However, the post was not built exactly on the site chosen and recommended. Early the year following, 1867, the first contingent of troops—five companies of the Fourth Cavalry—arrived and pitched their tents along the Concho. The officer to whom was delegated the task to survey and plot the new post, decided that the site chosen

*San Angelo was, at this period, a small border settlement with not more than twenty or thirty settlers living in "jacals" and "shacks"—mostly cow men and half breed Mexicans. There was one general merchandise store known as "Vecks." It is now a large town with 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants. It is the County seat of Tom Green County, has two railroads running into it, and another being completed to Topolobampo on the West Coast of Mexico. From a cow country it is now quite a cotton center, with schools, churches, up to date stores, newspapers, a modern Sanatorium, a Chamber of Commerce, etc. Its growth has been little short of marvelous. During the Indian outbreaks there were no wilder or more unsafe sections of Texas, or on the entire border to live in. Fort Concho now (1919), is about the center of the town, and it's parade is a park.

by the commission and approved by the Secretary of War, was unsuitable, and on his own volition he selected the present site on which old Fort Concho stands, made his survey, established his metes and bounds, sent in his report, and was later tried by a military court and was said to have been dismissed from the army.

As stated, five companies of the Fourth Cavalry, commanded by Col. John P. Hatch, were the first troops stationed at Fort Concho. The new post was given a multiplicity of names. It was first called Camp Hatch, later it was known as Camp Kelly; the construction department or quartermaster, called it Fort Griffin. Finally there came an order from district headquarters at San Antonio, emphasizing the fact that the new army post should be known then and thereafter as Fort Concho.

The foundation of the first building was laid on the first day of January, 1868. It was intended for a ten company post and for a number of years all supplies had to be brought by wagon transportation from Indianola, 550 miles, and San Antonio, 230 miles distant. The nearest town was Fredericksburg, 160 miles away, a German colony, which reaped largely of the benefits accruing from the building of the new post. It supplied in a great measure the stone masons and lime burners; hay camps along the Concho plains were operated by sturdy Germans, German contractors furnished vast supplies of grain and breadstuffs and German ox and mule trains lined the road from the coast to the Conchos. The cost of the building of this post has been estimated as high as three millions. I do not assume to say that those figures are correct, but after all, the expense involved was immense. For two years, two saw-mills were operated on the San Saba, 65 miles away, for the production of lumber and shingles employed in the construction of the post buildings. This material was hauled on government wagons, drawn by government teams driven by government teamsters who were paid $40 per month and rations. The shingles sawn

from oak, elm and pecan timber, may be seen today on the dilapidated roofs of a number of the buildings in old Fort Concho, placed in position more than fifty years ago. When completed, Fort Concho was one of the most beautiful and best ordered posts on the Texas border. Its arrangement was artistic and every feature bespoke comfort and convenience. On the south side of the ample parade grounds stood the officers' quarters, tasty, elegant, imposing; on the north, the commodious and handsome barracks; on the east the commissary and quartermaster's buildings, while the west side of the grounds was closed with an ornamental fence with a large gateway in the center.

It was first occupied as a camp Dec. 4, 1867. It bordered upon the "Staked Plains." Countless herds of buffalo grazed between the Twin Mountains and the post, much to the alarm of our horse herds—a mile or two out—which were frequently stampeded by the huge, ungainly beasts much to the disgust of the Commanding Officer and the Officer of the herd. The great grey lobo wolf and coyote came nearly to the back doors of our tents in their ravenous search for offal at the beef corral nearby. Their blood-curdling howls, especially the latter—which is first a sharp bark, followed by a succession of sharp yelps running into each other and ending in a sort of long drawn out quavering howl—were, at times almost indescribably melancholy, and awakened us at all hours of the night. The flat, treeless prairies were a vast prairie dog village, interfering even in our pursuit of game, and from behind nearly every bush or patch of prickly pear, the jack, or mule-eared rabbit with ears aloft and vibrating with nervous energy, got up with a startled bound and disappeared in an instant, leaving nothing but a cloud of dust and a most vivid *recollection* of a misty, shadowy form behind him. Herds of graceful antelope were daily seen near the "Twin Mountains," a few miles away; their white spotted flanks flashing in the sun one moment, the

next disappearing in the dun or neutral tint of the everlasting prairie. The whistling quail could almost be shot from the back porches of the officer's quarters; prairie chicken and Highland plover were killed from an ambulance while crossing the river to San Angelo, or riding upon the road to the stage station at "Ben Ficklins" or Bismarck, while on the streams wild duck, curlew, teal and the magnificent trumpeting white swan abounded. Upon all the pecan timbered creeks wild turkeys swarmed, and were brought in by the wagon load requiring but a nights still-hunting with shot guns at their numerous roosts. Hunting was therefore unsurpassed. Fishing rewarded the angler by the slightest exertion upon the Main and North Concho Rivers. Our plans had been matured for many an expedition to this realm of flesh pots and land overflowing with game, this hunters paradise, when lo!, the advent of this new Colonel, Ranald S. Mackenzie upon the 25th of February, 1871, sent rifles and shot guns to the rear to rust in their covers for many a month until that larger and more troublesome game "Lo, the poor Indian" should be sought and conquered, for the peace and quiet of the settlers on the entire intermediate border. Fort Concho was abandoned June 20th, 1889.

The March to Fort Richardson

On the 25th of March, the headquarters and five companies of the Fourth Cavalry were ordered to proceed to Fort Richardson about 230 miles North-east, and relieve the Sixth Cavalry, which was then under marching orders for Kansas; and on the 27th the column was filing across the Concho River past the little settlement of San Angelo, on the road to the Colorado River. There were the usual scenes and laughable incidents attending the departure of a Cavalry column. Unmanageable pack mules, which had kicked their packs loose and scattered their loads of coffee, flour and bacon upon the parade, had to be secured and repacked; a vicious horse disciplined; the condition

of some unsteady soldier examined, who, liking liquor, not wisely, but too well, had imbibed too freely of Mexican mescal, or the *insinuating* aguardiente. But at last the hearty cheers of the assembled garrison were given and the column splashed through the clear waters of the sparkling stream and stretched out on its long march. Mt. Margaret, named after the most accomplished, loving and devoted wife of one of our favorite Captains, E. B. Beaumont, was passed—the Colorado was reached and forded in the midst of a cold, driving rain storm, which made our fires of drift cottonwood at that nights camp more acceptable than usual, and the glowing embers of the mesquite, heaped up in the mess kettles, which we used as stoves, more necessary for those *better halves* who—notwithstanding the many frowns and incredulous smiles of our gallant, yet *unconverted*, Colonel—had chosen to share the fortunes of their bold trooper husbands upon the Indian border. Our next camp was at old Fort Chadbourne a small, two company post on Oak Creek—then abandoned. A prairie dog village was spread over the parade ground—their sharp, squeaking barks and comical antics seemingly expressing their disgust at having their wise town councils broken up by an uninvited and noisy intrusion. We had seen many buffalo since leaving our camp the night before, and hundreds now grazed near this night's bivoac. Several years before, Colonel Beaumont had been stationed here with his Co. "A." His wife and infant child were with him as companions.

The Buffalo Stampede—A Thrilling Adventure

Lieut. P. M. Boehm—Beaumont's first Lieutenant—was on duty at Chadbourne with his troop—One day Col. B— being absent from the post, hunting, Mrs. Beaumont, as was the custom of many army women in those days—whether in camp or on the march—attached a lariat to the waist of little Natalie, her daughter, then

beginning to walk, and fastening it to a stout stake or picket pin, she was allowed to play about the quarters, in sight of her mother. She had a thirty foot radius in which to romp. Thus securely "staked out" for safety, and where she could at all times be seen, there was little thought of fear, for Indian depredations had been less frequent since the post was established. Immense herds of buffalo were grazing as usual a mile or two away; they had approached no nearer while the company was stationed there but, as their sharp cut trails to Oak Creek for water—had led in this direction before, this low plateau upon which the post was located had evidently been their favorite grazing ground. All was quiet, and there seemed to be no cause for apprehension, when suddenly something alarmed the herds; crazed with fright, and with a noise like the roaring of a tornado they came rushing toward the post, converging as they ran; other herds joined in the terrific stampede; the ground fairly shook with the shock of the thousands of maddened animals. Mrs. Beaumont heard the ominous sound and stepped to the door believing it to be the rolling of distant thunder. At a glance she took in the situation; she saw the countless thousands of immense beasts heading for the parade and her little one directly in their path. She felt powerless to act. By getting in their path she would sacrifice her own life. Not a moment was to be lost, however,—Boehm had also heard the noise; had seen the herds rapid approach, and seeing her imminent danger, was rushing hastily for the child—who, unconscious of her danger, was busily picking flowers at the end of her lariat. The shaggy monsters were even then thundering upon the parade. Any hesitation for an instant and she would be trampled into a shapeless mass by the frenzied brutes. A mesquite tree stood near the picket pin with limbs low down—Boehm reached her by a few bounds; and instantly pulling the picket pin and drawing in upon the lariat as he ran, gathered the child in his arms and springing into the tree,

desperately clung to it with the little girl until the many thousands of animals almost brushing them—had passed. He shouted and waved his arms; they divided at the tree as they plunged and tore along, thus saving the lives of both. A false step, an uncertain movement, and they would have been crushed and trampled to atoms. It was a *thrilling moment! A narrow escape! !*

The Blockade—Buffalo vs. Bulldog

The next day we experienced a fearful storm as we passed by "Pulpit Rock" and "Church Mountain," and camped on "Bluff Creek." Here "Old Aunt Mary"—under cover of a bank—baked a large wild turkey in a "Dutch oven" to a turn—although drenched to the skin. On the 31st, a wild and boisterous day, we wound through "Mountain Pass"—a narrow gorge or break about a mile in length to which we descended from the immense high *mesa* or divide we had been traversing to the plain below. Here the Indians had been frequently in the habit of ambushing parties and attacking the mail stage. It has precipitous sides, covered with a dense growth of bushes and scrub trees. Just the place for an ambuscade; but we went through safely exercising the usual caution. Shortly before a detachment had been stationed at the cut on the North side. As we emerged, an almost endless prairie stretched out before us, and again we were literally moving through almost untold numbers of our bison friends. On the right and left of the stage trail the vast plain was dotted with herd upon herd clear to the horizon their dim bodies contrasting strangely, yet attractively, with the vivid green of the short, velvety grass and our little column of blue-coated troopers, and where a buffalo now would be as rare a curiosity as the *Ichthyosaurus* of past ages. Behind was the white canvas-topped wagon train, and ever chasing each other in and among the herds and over the rolling sweep were the alternate flashings of cloud and sunshine, and the shadows cast by the moun-

tains we had just left. It was a spirited scene, an animated picture. As the command wound along the trail and our strong scent was "carried down" the fresh wind in their direction, the buffalo commenced to raise their heads in alarm. The old leaders of each herd seemed to give them a warning, and immediately the whole mass was set in motion. This had been repeated several times during the day. It does not appear to be generally known, even among naturalists and writers on the habits of animals, that the buffalo, when alarmed, will always cross the trail of his supposed enemy and get to leeward, but they *would never pass to the rear of that enemy, or of a moving body*—whether of a wagon train, pack train—Cavalry or Infantry Column or a train of cars.* Crowding with a reckless and resistless brute energy, each herd, therefore, with its chosen leader, gradually worked along towards the head of our leading company, until at length it brought them in front of the entire command. Our march was blocked, and we were compelled to halt to bide the time of our beast companions. Further progress was utterly impossible. Mackenzie, becoming somewhat impatient at this suddenly enforced blockade, because our camp for the night had already been selected, and we still had many miles to march—seized a carbine from one of the men and dismounting, attempted, by firing at the heads of the herds to break them and swerve the immense throng from the headlong course, now so crowding upon the advanced company as to become positively dangerous, the horses showing great fear and becoming almost unmanageable. He fired several shots. The nearest herds swerved; but, now contrary to their instincts, came roaring down beside and *parallel* to *our mounted troopers*. This was a little *too* much, even for well-trained disciplined Cavalry soldiers, and the men, in their intense excitement forgetful of orders, commenced a rattling

*Upon mentioning this fact one day to the Superintendent of the National Zoological Park at Washington, D. C., he confessed that he had never heard of this absolutely fixed habit or instinct of our buffalo or American bison.

fusillade from their saddles. The buffalo veered off, but not until several had been killed and wounded. The men were sternly ordered to "cease firing." One gigantic bull, a leader, was nearest; he was badly wounded. As was the case on nearly all marches of troops changing station on the frontier, many dogs of all ages, sizes, colors and degrees of character and temperament—always an undesirable accumulation at every frontier post,—the men raising them for companions and pets—had, *under protest*, accompanied the column on its march. At the Colorado River, many of the most worthless curs were drowned when fording it, or left behind, but there were still several remaining and it was these that had turned the buffalo down the column. There was among them a large, white English bull-dog, weighing about seventy-five pounds belonging to the regimental band. He was a powerful brute, and had been trained to pull down beeves at the slaughter corral at Fort Concho—seizing them always by the nose. He was, withal, a prime favorite with the soldiers, notwithstanding his ferocity. The pack of mongrel dogs were in full cry after the stampeding herds of bellowing beasts as they rushed and tore along the column with their peculiar stiff-legged, rolling gate. But "King," the bull-dog, singled an immense wounded leader, who had now slackened his speed and was faltering in his tracks. He sprang at his head with great courage, fastened upon him, and the battle commenced with the mounted column as silent spectators. It was a most novel spectacle. The bronzed troopers; the great shaggy beasts thundering by; the white-topped wagon train closed up and halted; the fleeting shadows and the almost limitless stretch of surrounding prairie and vast solitude. The bull went down upon his knees, but so great was his strength that he quickly rose and whirled the dog in great circles over his head—"King" had been taught *never to let go*. The entire command now watched with almost breathless attention the apparently unequal struggle, expecting to see the dog crushed to death. Down went

the bull again on his knees, this time not from any weakness, but to gore the dog; rising, he would stamp his feet in rage, then shaking him for a while, he would resume swinging and snapping him like a whip cord through the air. The foam, now bloody, flecked the long, tawny beard of the bison bull. His eyes, nearly concealed in the long, matted hair that covered his shaggy head, flashed fire, and his rage knew no bounds. The dog, which had begun the fight a pure white, had now turned to a spotted crimson from blood which had flowed from the buffalo's wounds, mixed with alkali dust—and still his brute instincts, tenacious courage and training led him to hold on. Had he let go for *a moment*, the crazed bull would have gored and trampled him to death before he could have retreated. The bull was now, however, growing perceptibly weaker; he rose to his feet less often. He could no longer throw the dog in circles above his head. The blood stained "King" to a more vivid red, and begrimed with froth and dirt, he had lost all semblance to his former self. All were looking for the struggle to end. The suspense was beginning to be painful. Impatience was already displayed upon the men's faces—when suddenly Mackenzie shouted. "Kill the animal, and put him out of his misery! !" It was a *merciful* command. Two men stepped forward to the enormous beast, now on his knees swaying and rocking to and fro—the dog still holding on—and placing their carbines behind the shoulder to reach a vital point, fired. He gave one great quiver, one last spasmodic rocking, and spread himself upon the vast prairie dead. *Not till then did "King" let go!* So great had been the courage of this favorite dog in his fearful struggle, that months after when a post order, annually issued for all cur dogs—an accumulative nuisance at all frontier posts—to be exterminated—"King," the white bull dog belonging to the Fourth Cavalry Band was exempted by a *special paragraph* for his "*gallant conduct.*"

Fort "Phantom Hill"—The Legend

Our camp on April 1st—was on "Dead Man's" Creek near old Fort Phantom Hill which was about one mile south of the junction of Elm Creek with the Clear Fork of the Brazos. This fort was, like Fort Clark, Texas, one of a series built in the year following the close of the Mexican war. It is said that Major, afterward Gen. George H. Thomas of Civil War fame, established it. On approaching the spot from the river valley on the north he took it to be a high hill covered with magnificent trees, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, and, as he judged, an ideal location for a fort. As he drew near, the hill sank into a gentle slope, and the trees dwarfed themselves into small shrubs as the mists lifted and the mirage which he had been looking at disappeared. The low mesquites had spread out high in the shimmering air like a ghostly phantom. Although he had been deceived by the appearance of the mirage, plenty of wood and water were near at hand on the Clear Fork, together with logs and stone suitable for building; so he decided after all to establish the fort here, which, he said, "We will call *Fort Phantom Hill.*" The barracks had been huge log houses with heavy stone fire places, and included a stone house for the officer's quarters, a stone commissary store house—and a stone powder house or magazine. During the Civil War a large force of Texas rangers under Col. Buckner Barry marched to the post and demanding its surrender it was given up without a fight, as only a small garrison then occupied it. The soldiers vacated the post and they and the rangers camped nearby. That night the buildings were set on fire, by whom it was never definitely ascertained, and all the log quarters were destroyed. The post was never rebuilt. As we passed through it on our march the officer's quarters still stood; also the old magazine, and the walls of the commissary store house—the latter being two feet four inches thick. Some twenty stone chimneys, mark the ruins of the post—

which for many years has been a noted land mark—and their tall white stone columns, outlined weird and ghost like against the sky, like giant specters certainly suggest phantoms. Many years ago, according to Gen. Randolph B. Marcy, father-in-law of Gen. George B. McClellan and who, with him, surveyed a route about 1851–2 for a Southern Pacific Railroad—in a very interesting little book which he published shortly after—a dreadful massacre occurred at this spot—and with the many legends attached to it, many apparitions seem to have been associated with the place from a time prior to the establishment. Two years later the writer camped on this same spot when enroute to Fort Clark near the Rio Grande River—and that night in 1873 the tall, white chimneys standing like monuments to mark the spot, made the flesh creep at their naked ghostly shapes when thinking of the bloody tragedy enacted here.*

By some writers it is claimed that Gen. Robert E. Lee built this post, and by others that Gen. Marcy built it.

OLD FORT PHANTOM HILL

To the Veterans of the Blue and the Gray

On the busy Texas border, on the prairies far away—
Where the antelope is grazing and the Spanish ponies play;
Where the tawny cattle wander through the golden incensed hours,
And the sunlight woos a landscape clothed in royal robes of flowers;

*It was on this long march that the writer, when acting as Quartermaster during these four weeks between Fort Richardson and Fort Clark, learned from an old California "Forty-niner"—a teamster—how to "cross-lift" a wheel and prevent a wagon train not only from *going to pieces*, but literally from *lying down* on this dry, treeless plain. It is extremely doubtful if there are many if any Cavalry officers living to-day who even know what the term means, to say nothing of being able to practically apply the principle in an emergency.

Where the Elm and Clear Fork mingle, as they journey to the sea
And the night-wind sobs sad stories o'er a wild and lonely lea;
Where of old the dusky savage and the shaggy bison trod,
And the reverent plains are sleeping midst drowsy dreams of God;

Where the twilight loves to linger, e'er night's sable robes are cast,
'Round grim-ruined, spectral chimneys, telling stories of the past,
There upon an airy mesa, close beside a whispering rill,
There to-day you'll find the ruins of the Old Fort Phantom Hill.

Years ago, so ran the legend, 'bout the year of Fifty-three,
This old fort was just established by the gallant soldier Lee;
And to-day the restless spirits of his proud and martial band
Haunt those ghostly, gloomy chimneys in the Texas border land.

Then once every year at midnight, when the chilling Northers roar,
And the storm-King breathes its thunder from the heights of Labrador,
When the vaulted gloom re-echoes with the owls—"whit-tu-woo!"
And the stealthy coyote answers with his lonely long "Ki-oo!"

Then strange phantoms flit in silence through that weeping mesquite vale,
And the reveilles come sounding o'er the old Mackenzie Trail,
Then the muffled drums beat muster and the bugles sadly trill,
And the vanished soldiers gather 'round the heights of Phantom Hill.

Then pale bivouac fires are lighted and those gloomy chimneys glow,
While the grizzled veterans muster from the taps of long ago,
Lee and *Johnston* and *Mackenzie*, *Grant* and *Jackson*, *Custer* too,
Gather there in peaceful silence waiting for their last review;

Blue and gray at length united on the high redoubts of fame,
Soldiers all in one grand army, that will answer in God's name.
Yes, they rest on heights of glory in that fair, celestial world,
"Where the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled."

And to-day the birds are singing where was heard the cannon's roar,
For the gentle doves are nesting 'midst those ruins of the war.
Yes, the mocking-birds re-echo; "Peace on Earth, to men good will,"
And the "swords are turned to ploughshares" in the land of Phantom Hill."*

*These verses were copied from "Ranch Verses"—loaned to the writer by Cadet Walton H. Walker, 3rd Class U.S.M.A. upon the occasion of his visit to West Point at the reunion of his class of 1869—and after a visit to the grave of Gen. Ranald S. Mackenzie in the Cadet Cemetery June 16, 1909.

Fort Griffin—Ladies Visit the "Tonks"—Salt Creek Prairie—"Dead Man's Cross"

We arrived at Fort Griffin on April 4. It had a mixed garrison of the Fourth and Sixth Cavalry and Eleventh Infantry. As we approached it one could see it for miles, being well located on a hill, but it was now in a delapidated condition. On the flat below the Post, between it and the Clear Fork, lived the Ton-Ka-way Indians who were enlisted by the Government and employed as scouts, they furnishing their own ponies, and being armed, paid and rationed by us. An officer of the Army had charge of them and when in the field with troops, an officer from the command was detailed to command them. They proved to be very valuable as scouts. Many years ago they were a powerful and war-like tribe. The Comanches were their implacable enemies, and on one occasion, becoming jealous of their friendly feeling for the whites, they fell upon them and massacred so many that the remnant fled to the protection of a military garrison and later were located at Fort G. They were the implacable enemies of the hostile tribes. Some of our ladies were anxious to go into their village and observe some of their customs—mode of living, etc. Their curiosity seemed to have been soon gratified for they came stampeding back into the post shortly afterwards. Something very mysterious must have occurred for we could never get any of them to enthuse over the "Tonks" or to describe anything that they saw or heard, and for many years the reticence of that self appointed, investigating feminine committee of the Fourth Cavalry was a great mystery and a subject of much conjecture—more so than the President's seven months sojourn in Paris.

Crossing the Brazos River at a bad ford on April 6th, we passed through Old Fort Belknap—now abandoned, its tumble down quarters occupied by squatters, and mule tenders of the El Paso stage line. It was no longer of any importance. At night we camped at Salt Creek, 14 miles

from Fort B, and crossing 12 miles of prairie the next day camped at some water holes at the edge of the timber, about 16 miles from Fort Richardson—Salt Creek prairie was a famous pass-way for Indians coming in or going out of the country. On our march this day we passed "Dead Man's Cross" where four men had but recently been killed by Indians. There were other rude head boards marking the last resting place of some "freighter," cow boy, or rancher who, in passing along this dangerous stretch of stage road, had sacrificed their lives in encounters with the Indian raiders and murderers. We had occasion to pass these markers for the dead—of which there were 21—many times during the next few years.

Fort Richardson—The "Life or Death" Ride

The next day we found Major A. K. Arnold's battalion of the 6th Cavalry awaiting us, Col. James Oakes commanding the regiment having proceeded on his way to Kansas with the balance of the command. Our accomodations this night were very limited and crude, most of the Fourth Cavalry going into Camp outside of the post, and the bachelor officers most generously tendering their quarters to our ladies—who, spreading mattresses upon flea infested gunny sacks or burlaps upon the warped floors of the pecan log huts tried to wear out a night of undisturbed (?) rest and imagine themselves in a state of comfort and regal luxury, at the Waldorf-Astoria or some other palatial hotel. Before midnight the writer was ordered to conduct the empty train back to Fort Griffin, starting at day-light. After a sleepless night, because of his wife's illness which had begun back at our camp on Salt Creek prairie, the wagons were "pulled out" on the road. The return to Fort G. was without special incident. On turning the train over, and starting back for Fort R— on the 16th, we had got as far as the 16 mile water hole or "The Chimneys," and were just going into camp—the writer's horse (the only one with the escort,

which was made up of a detachment of Infantry) had been unsaddled, when a Cavalry detachment of one Corporal and three men rode in hastily and delivered the following note. It was from Fort G— which I had left a few hours before. It was 7 o'clock—with enough twilight to read.

FORT GRIFFIN, *April 16*
3 P. M.

DEAR CARTER:

I am exceedingly sorry that you will receive bad news by the bearer of this. I most sincerely hope that you may find Mrs. C— better upon your arrival. Corporal Petri Co "E" 4th— who missed you on coming in (taking another road), tells me that Gen. Mackenzie ordered him to tell you to take a non-commissioned officer and three men, with the best horses and *hurry through, leaving the train;* also to tell you that Mrs. Carter is *very sick.* You told me this morning that you would be the only mounted man, so I have got the Colonel to send three men to escort you, in case that you have not one. Praying that you will find Mrs. C— out of all possible danger, at the same time reminding you that you cannot argue that she is dangerous.

I am, your friend

W. E. REESE,*
2nd Lt 6th Cavalry
Acting Adjutant of the Post.

The writer knew what such a message from Mackenzie, sent by couriers 80 miles from Fort R— meant. They had almost killed their horses in delivering it, as Mackenzie had directed them to spare nothing within human power to reach me. There was no time to lose; watering and giving the horses a thorough "rub down," and hearty feed—while they were being saddled, a hasty programme or plan was worked out. The writer's animal was a medium sized, half-bred dark-brown troop horse belonging to Trumpeter Keleverer, of Troop "E," which I had taken for this trip. He had been shot in the head with bird shot at Jefferson, Texas, during the "reconstruction days," in a raid after desperadoes. He was a quick, nervous, jerky sort of an animal, with nothing

**Reese was a classmate—Class of 1869 U. S. M. A.*

especially to distinguish him beyond any other troop horse except that he was particularly well *gaited*—had an easy covering lope—quick trot—would "fox gait" and was a *very fast* walker.

"*All ready, Corporal?*" "Are your men good men; and fit to ride for their lives?" "Yes, Sir!" "Mount then and follow me as far as possible in all of my gaits!" It was 16 miles that I had come to "The Chimneys." That in about three hours. There were 64 miles yet to cover before daylight the next morning. I "led out." I had talked with a mail stage driver that morning at Fort G. who had been shot in the arm by Indians at the gorge at Salt Creek only a day or two before. They had thrown a lariat over his head, from which he had disengaged himself, and cutting one of his mules loose as he reached the edge of the prairie, had escaped with the result as noted, a bad flesh wound. We had got to pass that same spot shortly after midnight. At a fast walk—trot, single foot, lope, and gallop—and over rolling country, the night being dark but starlight, the Brazos river was reached at midnight. It was as "dark as Erebus." The ford was not visible. It was a quick sand ford but not a dangerous one. Throwing the reins on his neck, the horse was allowed to negotiate it. The silence of death reigned about this wild spot, only broken by the splashing of our horses, as we plunged in where the ford ought to be trusting to our horses instinct, and their swimming if they slipped off. Half swimming and wading through the black, murky waters, the swift current rippling against the horses flanks, and the treacherous quicksands causing them to sink at every step, at last, we gladly emerged from the stream, and scrambling up the bank, ascended through the gloom, the "steep" leading to the ruins of "*Old Belknap.*" We had pushed over this distance at a terrific pace, over thirty miles in about four hours. "The horses cant hold this gait much longer, Si-r-r-!" respectfully suggested the soldierly Coporal. I knew and felt that this was true, but,

we had traveled *half the distance*, and we *must go through*. Not a sound could be heard on the midnight air except the clattering of our horses hoofs upon the hard, stony ridge. We gained the plateau, upon which the abandoned post stood. Its dark, spectral shadows loomed up in the misty blackness like huge ghosts in our path. We had no guide. Little had been seen of the post as we had passed through a few days before. The writer determined to skirt it for fear of shots from the few settlers and stage "mule whackers," its only inhabitants. It was dangerous "*riding around loose*" in that country after dark, so we stretched down the "nine mile slope" to Salt Creek. My nervous animal, as we neared the Creek, seemed almost instinctively, to accord with my feelings and thoughts. He jumped at every sound of the crackling twigs under his feet; nothing seemed to escape his keenly awakened intelligence—or notice. The burned trees and blackened stumps by the roadside near Bothwick's Station—now abandoned—were just outlined in the blur of the night, closely resembling the forms of men—and as we moved swiftly by them at a swinging gait, he repeatedly shied, and his snorts of actual terror made the air ring again and again. We were now close to the gorge, the worst Indian pass way in the whole region about. The wounded stage driver's story at Fort Griffin and his narrow escape from roping and death was in my mind. It had been given to the Corporal in detail, and he was on his guard. Moving through the darkly shaded cut, the branches of the trees almost touching the water, we could not see a hand before our eyes, but trusting to the animals instinct, and giving him the spur, a loose rein, and with hand on "six shooter" poised for instant action, we dashed into the deep ravine, across the cut or gorge, and up the hill upon the broad prairie beyond. A mile further on giving the command to "close up" and "dismount" the first time we had been out of the saddle since leaving "The Chimneys," we loosened the girths, rubbed down

our horse's backs, turned the saddle blankets, removed the bits, and grazed the horses for about ten minutes on the lush grama grass—wet with dew. Again, "cinching" and mounting we pushed on. We came upon a camp of Mexicans on the right without waking them. Their steers or "bulls" were "turned out," and "belled." Their huge "Carretas" loomed up like buffalo in a "mirage." The embers of their fires were visible for some distance. Our presence was unknown to them, and we could have easily killed every man. We clattered by the rude headboards of the victims who had sacrificed their lives but a short time before. Again we saw freighters on the left. They had heard us. My shouting alone saved us from their rifles. Jumping in haste from about their camp fire and behind their wagons we saw the glint of their rifle barrels just in time. Dashing into the timber, we were on a very narrow, rough and indistinct road, just 16 miles from Fort Richardson. Dismounting to find the trail by the hand touch, the Corporal here rode up and declared that his horses were exhausted and could go no further. Halting just long enough to give him directions about saving them if possible, and determined to make it in alone, the writer pushed in through the pecans and oaks. There were no 20 mile relays as Archibald Forbes, the English War Correspondent, once had in his famous 120 mile ride in 24 hours in Zululand. The animal begun to flag—and I now begun to use, but moderately, the "quirt" and spur—to which he cheerfully responded—several times the road had to be found by hand touch. But now the moon began to rise—and the way was clearer. The loud "too-hoot-too-h-o-o-t-t- of the owls, the loud crashing of the pecan limbs heavily loaded with their weight of wild turkeys—and the loud gobbles -g-o-b-b-l-es! of the big gobblers, made the blood fairly dance and tingle in the veins. It is in the early, cold grey hours of the morning, with man or beast, the sick or well, that natures forces flag, the spirits ebb, the strength fails, the heart

groweth sick and exhaustion ensues. *Both* of *us were nearly at that point.* At about the last notch. The early streaks of dawn were approaching. A light touch of the braided Indian "quirt"—a slight tick of the persuading spur, and the courageous little fellow snorted and took the lope. Can one wonder at the undying affection of the humane Cavalryman for his noble horse? Reaching the brow of the hill overlooking the town of "Jack" (Jacksboro) nestling in the valley on the north side of Lost Creek, one could see it and the quarters and stables beyond in the fast quickening daylight, throwing fantastic shadows all over the land. But there was no time for romance and without halting to admire the picture—I dashed down the slope, splashed through the creek and a few moments later flung myself from the noble little animal at the door of my "jacal," and half staggering, and crawling into the little picket hut where, but a few days before the stern necessities of a soldier's duty had obliged me to leave the sick and, in a sense, unprovided-for wife—I fell exhausted upon the floor.

The limbs were numb and cramped, and refused their functions. All was darkness before my eyes. I could scarcely speak. Old Dr. John F. Hammond said; "She is saved!" It was 4 o'clock. Sixty-four (64) miles had been covered in just 8 hours, and 80 miles in twelve, on a *single horse;* the 16 miles at little less than an ordinary marching gait. The ride for "life or death" was ended! The Corporal's horse died—the men's horses were foundered and rendered unfit for service—but, by care and good treatment, turning out to *graze* without *grain feeding*, very little water until cooled off—a vigorous rubbing down, etc., the "*trumpeters brown horse* of Troop "E"—with his shot-scarred face, lived to carry the writer on other weary miles march and through many more adventures with Mackenzie and the gallant troopers of the Fourth Cavalry. Sometime later the writer measured the distance between the two posts with an odometer. It was

80 miles and a few hundred feet. As the writer was acting directly under verbal instructions of Gen. Mackenzie, sent by courier to Fort Griffin to intercept him if possible on the road, and no post or regimental order was issued covering such a ride, since it was not necessarily a military duty to be performed under orders, no record was made of it, for the post or regimental files.

Gen. Sherman Inspects the Line

Gen. Sherman was now daily expected on his annual tour of inspection of the frontier posts. The writer was enjoying as much as he could (?) that enviable (?) triplicate or quadruplicate role of Post Adjutant, *acting this* and *acting that*, which is generally thrust upon a newly attached officer, for the empty honors resulting, it is supposed. In addition he was commanding detachments, taking his "tour" as officer of the day, attending "stables," drills, Boards of Survey—Courts, etc. etc. One day he was startled with the announcement that he was to select 15 men from the regiment and proceed on the road to Fort Griffin until he met Gen. Sherman and escort him into the post. In the meantime two gun detachments must be made up at once to fire a salute in honor of the Commanding General from the 3 inch ordnance guns of which, paradoxically as it may seem, we had two. It was not believed that there was a man in the post who had ever fired one of these guns, or who had ever drilled in a "gun squad." Going to the First Sergeant the question was asked: "Sergeant, any artillery soldiers in the Company?" "No, Sir!" and so on one company after another was visited until finally at "F" Co. the Sergeant said—"Sergeant Foster and Corporal Charlton have both served one enlistment in the Artillery, Sir!" "Sergeant Foster, have you ever served in the Artillery?" "Yes, sir! five years in the Fifth!" Can you drill a gun detachment?" I could scarcely have offered him a more complete insult. The old soldier straightened himself up and

with an extra roll to the "r," replied, with pardonable pride "Yes, Si-r-rr! I think I *ought to know how*"—with strong emphasis on the "*Know.*" In a short time he and Corporal Charlton were drilling two fine looking gun squads at the 3 in rifled guns. After this one need never despair of getting any kind of service from a garrison of old soldiers. On May 17, therefore, with 15 carefully selected men the start was made. I had the four big black mules from the post water wagon—and my instructions were to tender these fresh mules for use on General Sherman's ambulance; also to offer the use of Mackenzie's quarters to him. It was a warm day. We had reached Rock Station when I heard the cavalry escort coming along at a spanking pace followed by Gen. Sherman's ambulance. I mounted my men, saluted—and upon being ushered to his side was as cordially greeted by the "Old Man" as though I was his "*long lost brother*;" was presented to Gen. Marcy—former Chief of Staff for Gen. McClellan—Colonels Tourtelotte and McCoy of his staff and Col. Myer of the Q. M. Dept. Gen. S— declined the mules—saying that his were comparatively fresh and fast—and in his brisk, breezy fashion said: "That is kind in Mackenzie to tender the use of his quarters, but I have got plenty of canvas and will pitch our tents right behind and close to him." "Your horses look warm." "It would be too hard on them to try and keep up with us. If you will put us on the right road, you had better come in at your leisure. I appreciate it just as much—and I will thank Mackenzie personally for his kindness in sending you and such a fine looking detachment out to insure my safety," I was thinking about the salute. Reluctantly acquiescing, without divulging to him the dual role I was personating, after I had ventured to suggest that I could keep up with his spanking mules, at which he wisely shook his head—the honor of firing a salute to the General of the Army was thus lost and we arrived crest fallen enough at the post about dark too late to notify the gun-

ners of the "slip" in the programme, and those guns *were not fired*. The General (S—) was not inclined to think so but it was well known that the numerous raids about the country in recent months had been committed by the Fort-Sill "reservation Indians"; and, after receiving the calls of respect from the officers of the garrison, he gave a delegation of the citizens an opportunity of stating their grievances.

All had a most bitter story of cruel wrong and murder to relate, displaying a number of scalps, some of them female, which had been recovered from bands known to be the Ki-o-was and Comanches from the reservation, and petitioned him for assistance in recovering their stolen stock and punishing these savages.

A Most Horrible Massacre

Gen. Sherman was inclined to be very incredulous and shook his head in such a manner as to cast doubt upon the pleadings of these poor harassed settlers who had been expecting so much from him.

On that very night, the night of deliberation, of doubt and uncertainty, almost of despair and what was believed by the Jack County ranchers, and cattlemen to be an almost hopeless appeal, a wounded man hobbled into our post hospital with a horrible tale of massacre and atrocious butchery on Salt Creek prairie. His wounds were dressed, and in the morning Gen. Sherman, who visited him listened again with almost an air of incredulity to the man's simple story of the bloody struggle. He alone had escaped and in almost a miraculous manner; the balance, as he thought had been killed. Twelve men, belonging to Henry Warren's corn train of 10 wagons had been intercepted by a large war party of Indians at a point about four miles from where I had met Gen. Sherman—Rock Station—and on the open prairie near the edge of the timber. Having been, as stated—a sort of "*Pooh-Bah*"—Post Adjutant and "*what not*"—the writer was sent for

and asked to take down from dictation some letters and dispatches which Gen. Sherman wished to rush off without delay. There were no shorthand sharps, stenographers, chain lightning writer artists or "Scribes" in those days. It was a *first experience.* There was no declining or "backing out." There was nobody to fall *back on.* It looked like a hopeless task. Many times it has been wished that those stenographic (?) notes might have been preserved for some museum or library. We started. The "Old Man" was as considerate as his vibrant nature would permit. His delivery was like a catapult. All sorts of dashes, signs—abbreviations were made—which the Sergeant-Major and myself in trying to transcribe later could hardly decipher or translate the meaning of—Gen. M.—was directed to send out a strong force at once to the scene of the massacre, and ascertain the truth or falsity of the man's story. If it proved true, he (Mackenzie) was to send couriers through to Fort Griffin—and with the two companies there to cut the trail, and to prepare to move out with his entire command upon the trail, and to meet him (Gen. S—) at Fort Sill, I. T. Letters were also rushed out to Dept. Headquarters, and to Fort Sill, all by runners, couriers or mounted messengers—as we had no flying machines—no telephones or other means of communication.

The report proved not to have been exaggerated in the least and in a perfect deluge of rain, such as had scarcely ever been in Texas before—flooding the parade to the depth of several inches—Gen. Mackenzie with four companies (A, B, E and F) arrived on the scene. It was supposed that this war party of Ki-o-was under Sa-tan-ta, their principal war chief, hearing that Gen. Sherman was coming that way had planned to intercept and capture him, and then hold him as a hostage for a heavy ransom, but this story he always most strenuously denied to us in broken Spanish during the period—June until November—that he was held a prisoner at Fort Richardson.

There could be nothing more appalling, heartrending or sickening to the human senses than the spectacle which was witnessed when our command reached the scene of the Salt Creek Prairie massacre. The poor victims were stripped, scalped and horribly mutilated; several were beheaded; and their brains scooped out—their fingers, toes and private parts had been cut off and stuck in their mouths, and their bodies,—now lying in several inches of water and swollen or bloated beyond all chance of recognition—were filled full of arrows which made them resemble porcupines. Their bowels had been gashed with knives—and carefully heaped upon each exposed abdomen had been placed a heap of live coals, now of course, extinguished by the deluge of water which was still coming down with a torrential power almost indescribable.

One wretched man, who, fighting hard to the last, had evidently been wounded, was found chained to a wagon wheel, and, a fire having been made from the wagon pole, he had been slowly roasted to death—that he was still alive when the fiendish torture was begun, was shown by his limbs being drawn up and contracted. The grain sacks had also all been cut open and contents dumped upon the ground, where it was found, littered and scattered in every direction. Some distance from the wagons dead mules, piles of corn soaking in the water—harnesses —and other evidences of the fearful struggle were to be seen. Here and there a hat, an Indian gew-gaw and a plentiful supply of arrows and other debris of the fight were spread about the rain-soaked ground. There were seven men killed, the names of whom have never been published before and are herewith given: S. Long, N. J. Baxter, Samuel Elliott, James Bowman, James Elliott, James Williams and John Mullen. Forty-one mules had been cut loose from the wagons and run off by the retreating Indians—the balance had been killed. The balance of the men, some of them wounded, escaped into the timber, and later came into Fort R—. Taking the

trail, Mackenzie attempted to follow it. It was but an *attempt*, for the powerful rains that fell daily in quick succession, pounded every vestige and obliterated every sign until there was no trace remaining, and rendered it impossible to more than take the general direction which led through the Wichita swamps and across the Big and Little Wichita Rivers and Red River towards Fort Sill.

Sherman, The Optimist

Gen. Sherman made a tour of the post—nervous—quick, snappy, inspiring, smiling and magnetic as was his custom—As post adjutant the writer walked at his side. Entering the pecan picket quarters of the men, he shook hands with the old Sergeants; gave a hearty greeting to the men here and there; commented on what he saw in the kitchens; sampled the soup, etc., then turning to Mackenzie—with his eyes twinkling, he said with much emphasis: "Now, Mackenzie, let's go and see the ladies!" They seemed to be nearest his heart. He knocked at each cabin door and became, if anything more voluble. He spoke cheery words to the wives, shook hands with the children, patting them upon their heads; praised all for their courage, patience and devotion in sharing the toil and isolation of their soldier husbands at this far off frontier station remote from the centers of diversion and the pleasures of life, but laughingly recommended "early marriages" for all, saying: "I did it myself—why shouldn't you all do it—Its the best thing for young officers—It steadies them up," etc. In short by his warm, inspiring, sunshiny presence he made everybody feel that he had their best interests at heart; shared in common all of their hardships and privations and that he and they were a part of the great whole—the little regular army which then at that period was so vital in promoting the advancement of civilization on that extreme verge of the United States. William Tecumseh Sherman, the versatile general of our little regular army, was a confirmed and most consistent

smiling optimist. His success was largely due to that essential quality in a great commander. His memory for faces was amazing.*

After expressing his gratitude to the writer and scribe for his efforts to connect a long handed letter dictated with chain lightning speed—into a shorthand stenographic (?) report—he left the post as the command departed, pleasant, smiling, volubly chattering, as was his custom. Somebody ventured to remark that his scalp might be in some danger, but the fine old soldier grimly smiled, and patting the Winchester that lay across his lap, called out as the Dougherty Ambulance shot forward with his armed Infantry escort and with a Sherman twinkle in his eye—"Oh, No! I have sixteen shots here myself!"—For 16 days the command swam, waded and struggled through the swampy overflowed bottoms of the Wichitas—the Ki-o-was all the time spying upon its movements. One morning it was found that an Indian had dragged himself during the stormy night through the mud and water to within a few feet of the camp; had slipped or cut the lariat of one of the horses, but becoming alarmed, had made off—leaving his knife and moccasin tracks as ample proofs of his stealthy bravado.

General Sherman's Peril—and Nerve—An Unwritten Chapter

Mackenzie's command reached Fort Sill on June 4th having left the corn train at the scene of the massacre on May 19, when he had dispatched a note to Gen. Sherman reporting the frightful condition of things as he had found them.

In the meantime Gen. Sherman had arrived at Fort S—Sa-tan-tas Ki-o-wa war party and murderous raiders

*Five years later Gen. Sherman was delivering the diplomas to the graduating class at West Point. The writer was there with Henry W. Lawton—Gen. S—greeted him most cordially—Lawton started to introduce us. The "old man's" eyes twinkled; he looked at me a moment with one of his quizzical expressions, and then said; "Carter?—Carter? why I know him—how are you Carter—you saved my scalp on Salt Creek Prairie in 1871"!

closely following in—no sooner had they arrived then they began boasting of the massacre. Gen. S— upon hearing of it immediately consulted with Col. Grierson, who was then commanding the Tenth Cavalry and the post of Fort Sill, and directed that a council should be held at Gen. G's headquarters at which all of the chiefs with Horace P. Jones and Matthew Leeper, Jr., respectively post and agency interpreters should be present. Gen. Sherman had taken the precaution, however, to have two reliefs of the guard, fully armed, concealed in the house behind closed shutters to windows low down and fronting directly on, and commanding the entire porch—With carbines at a half cock held at the closed blind slats, the muzzles were within three feet of the hearts of the hostile savages. Every Indian as soon as he should arrive was to be carefully covered. All were awaiting developments —the crisis. It was a thrilling moment—Sa-Tan-ta, (See-ti-toh—"White Bear")—Ouirl-Parko (Lone Wolf) Se-tank, and Big Tree with the sub-chiefs, stalked upon the porch—with their pigeon-toed gait, and with blankets closely wrapped about their forms although it was warm. Concealed beneath them were their bows and loaded rifles and pistols. Sherman was, notwithstanding his usually excitable and voluable manner, even more imperturbable than the Indians. It was a great game that was about to be played. There was no "show down of hands," as each narrowly watched the features and movements of the other. They were like two sets of fighters or gladiators with the stage set. The men behind the blinds, noiseless and with bated breath in command of a nervy officer of the Tenth Cavalry (The "*Brunette's*") closely watched for the signal which, upon any sign of treachery, was to be snapped off by the "Old Man"—when a blizzard would have launched the last murderous Indian into eternity. Through Jones, the Post Interpreter, who spoke Comanche, the Court spoken language of the Ki-o-was and other tribes, Sa-tan-ta and his Indians were charged with the murder of the teamsters on Salt

Creek Prairie, and then of having come in and gleefully boasted of it. Sa-tan-ta, who was the spokesman for the chiefs, flatly denied the accusation. Upon the absolute evidence of the deed being then produced, and upon the chiefs, whose motions were now being narrowly watched—showing a hesitation or slight wavering—Gen. Sherman at once ordered all of them to be seized and taken to the post guard house—there to be placed in double irons.

Then came the crisis—which all had been awaiting with almost breathless, tense anxiety. The Indians quickly threw back their blankets almost as one man—and as if they had rehearsed it—and started to use their weapons—and some to string their bows. With Indians it took but an instant—when quicker even than their own movements, like a flash, Sherman gave the signal—Bang open went the blinds like clock work—and with them came the simultaneous click of two score carbines to a full cock with every trooper's finger ready to press the trigger—the open windows filled with "brunettes" ("Buffalo soldiers") with every eye squinting down the barrels—and a death look and meaning in every face. This was too much even for the nerves of Sa-tan-ta and Lone Wolf—two of the most celebrated and to be feared, bloodthirsty Indians along that entire border South of Kansas. They knew that in a moment every one would, while Gen. Sherman's hand was raised, be shot into eternity—Sa-tan-ta gave a half shout or yell of surprise—Lone Wolf gave a loud, sharp *Ugh!!* sprang from the porch, before he could be seized, and making a running jump, cleared the railing, and bounding over the ground like a frightened deer, followed by some of the sub-chiefs, reached the flat below the post where all of the Indians were gathered to await the result of the council, and giving the signal and mounting a pony in waiting for him, the entire tribe swept out of the post in one wild rush, their pony's lariats dragging and the garrison firing upon them. In this running skirmish one or more Indians were killed or wounded. Sa-tan-ta, Se-tank and Big Tree were seized,

ironed and conveyed to the guard house, where they were secured.

Gen. Sherman waited a few days for our command to come in and then wrote the following characteristic letter —which has never been published even in his memoirs or family letters. The writer had his Sergeant-Major make a personal copy for future reference when copying it into the Letters Received book—it explains itself.

GEN. MACKENZIE Com'dg, Fort Richardson, Texas.
GENERAL:

I have now waited a whole week here, and have not heard one word from you since your note of the 19th, written at the corn train 22 miles from Richardson. So I have written you Satanta, Setank and Big Tree, three of the principal Kiowas, are now here prisoners in double irons and strongly guarded, ready to be delivered to you or to a Sufficient Guard that you may send for them, to be held by the military till tried and executed by regular process in the Criminal Courts of the locality where they committed the murder in question.

The Agent of these Indians, Mr. Tatum, asked for their arrest, as he is fully convinced that for a long time his Indians have been raiding in Texas, that his humane efforts have been fruitless, and he now not only consents to, but advises severe measures.

We tried to secure a fourth but some young warrior took the alarm and fled, firing their arrows at some soldiers between the Fort and the Agency, who returned the fire and killed one dead and wounded another, which stampeded all those who are about the Agency. At that moment about a dozen were counselling with me, Genl. Grierson and others as to my judgment in Satanta's case some of whom cocked their guns and strung their bows; but we had a guard present who aimed their guns and *we came near having a row.* I also demanded that 41 good mules should be brought in.

They are now doubtless at their camps, on the Wichita, debating peace or war, and you should take all due precautions, as soon as you have a guard to take care of your propert·· at Richardson.

All the Cavalry in Texas should operate towards Red River and Fort Sill; communications should be opened with this place via the Ferry at Red River Station—so that you act in concert. If parties of Indians attack soldiers or citizens, they should be followed into this Reservation till they realize that if they presist in crossing Red River they will be followed back.

I think, however, that the Kiowas and Comanches of the Reservation in the arrest of Sa-tan-ta, Setank, and Big Tree, will realize this and if my orders for their trial and execution in Jack County be not revised or stayed by orders from Washington that property on your frontier will henceforth be more secure. Satanta says many of the mules of the train were killed and wounded; that in the attack he lost three of his warriors killed and three badly wounded, and that the warrior here killed makes seven, so he says "*we are now even*", and he ought to be let off—*but I don't see it.* I have written Gen'l. Pope to let Grierson have the rest of his Regt. here, so that he also can patrol Red River from Cache up to the Wichitas and keep up communication with you, and you should dispatch north the remaining two companys, of the Sixth Cavalry—for the Indians foiled here—may turn for revenge north to the Arkansas.

Not hearing of you by tomorrow morning I shall renew my journey to Fort Gibson, arriving to attend the Indian Council at Ocmulgee next Monday. If you get this in a week or ten days write me at Fort Leavenworth—send copy of this to Gen'l. Reynolds and one under cover to me for record at Washington.

(*Signed*) W. T. SHERMAN, *Gen'l.*

The Captive Chiefs Conveyed to Texas—"Death Chant" and Killing of Se-Tank—An Acrobatic Corporal

Upon the arrival of the worn and mud-bedraggled command at Fort Sill on June 4th the Indian prisoners were turned over to Mackenzie, and on the 8th, handcuffed and leg ironed, were placed in the wagons for transportation to and trial for murder at Jacksboro, under the written instructions from Gen. Sherman already quoted.

Lieut. George A. Thurston of Troop "E" had charge of the train guard that day—and Sergeant Miles Varily, a tall, fine looking old Scotch-Irish Sergeant of that troop with full reddish blonde beard and steel blue eyes, rode with several men of his troop in rear of the wagon in which, on the floor, was seated Se-tank, the oldest principal Chief of the Ki-o-was. A Corporal and two men were seated on either side of him, their backs against the side of the wagon, with loaded carbines between their legs. It was a hot

day and the wagon sheets were all loosed and thrown back for air—giving an unobstructed view of the prisoners. Upon leaving the post Se-tank would have killed himself had he not been grasped by Big Tree and restrained until he could be placed in the wagon. He then drew his blanket closely over his head, thus concealing his face and all of his movements, and began most dolefully chanting a wild, weird death song as was their custom. The Ton-ka-way scouts flanked the train on both sides—all the while the wily old scoundrel was desperately but quietly and noiselessly slipping his handcuffs, skin and all. About three fourths of a mile from the Cache Creek ford or crossing, he suddenly gave a piercing yell, flung off his blanket and jumped to his feet, at the same time drove at the corporal with a big scalping knife which, in some mysterious manner he had concealed in his legging, and stabbed him, although not seriously. The corporal dropped his carbine, flung himself over the side of the wagon by a very agile back summersault to the ground—which would have put to blush the most skillful circus ring performer. Se-tank seized the carbine, his wrinkled face lighting up with savage joy, and springing the lever, leveling it at the same time at the nearest guard, he expected to wipe out the entire wagon load—but—Providence,—or, perhaps the wisdom of a careful old soldier here intervened. A cartridge having already been thrown from the magazine into the chamber, the *second one jammed*, and in an instant, old Sergeant Varily, who had seen Se-tank's movement, and taking in the situation at a glance, opened up a blizzard of carbine fire from the rear with his men that sent the old chief to the bottom of the wagon a corpse. Varily rode nearest to the wagon, and firing first, it was undoubtedly his shot that killed Se-tank. The others fortunately missed the balance of the men in the wagon, but slightly wounded the teamster on the nigh wheel mule—and when Se-Tank's whoop first sounded, he imagined that the entire Ki-o-wa tribe was about to ride his mule. Se-Tank's body was placed by

the roadside for burial, but our *observant Ton-ka-way* scouts coming along about this time, *accumulated* his scalp as a rich prize and a much valued addition to their war trophies. The command moved on as though such an incident had never occurred. During this march of 123 miles from the Fort Sill reservation—Sa-tan-ta and Big Tree were closely guarded. At night pickets and outposts were thrown well out to prevent surprise, as it was surmised that the Ki-o-was, upon learning that their chiefs had been taken to Texas there to be tried for murder, would follow and attempt their rescue. Herd guards and strong sleeping parties were posted and every precaution taken to prevent a stampede. The wily chiefs were spread out upon the ground, a peg driven at each hand and foot and they were then securely bound with raw hide.

In the Wichita swamps where huge mosquitoes swarm in countless thousands and to a size that would have shamed a New Jersey "green head" or "Galley Nipper," and which, drawing bloood every time they bit, drove the entire command for refuge into the smoke of the green log fires about the bivouac, the position of our two prisoners can be at once pictured to the dullest imagination. The loud, sharp grunts, or Ug-g-g-g-h-h-s! and long drawn out exclamations and strenuous efforts to escape these thirsty blood-suckers, sounding strangely on the midnight air. Notwithstanding prisoners and guard slept—or attempted to—in the dense smoke—the latter with long gauntlets and mosquito nets ingeniously made of hoop skirt wire and drawing strings so that it would baloon out from the face when lying down—all were more or less punctured and mutilated before an early reveille called all again into the saddle.

The Ki-o-was were stealthily dogging our rear, closely watching for any opportunity which might offer itself for a possible rescue of their favorite war-chief. Sa-tan-ta's last message, sent in by a Caddo Indian who had accompanied Mackenzie as far as Cache Creek was; "Tell the Ki-o-was that I may never see any of them again,

but I now wish them to be at peace with the whites." As proof that no value whatever was to be attached to such a message, Sa-tan-ta, after being once released through the efforts of the "Indian Ring", was caught raiding with his Indians—and again made a prisoner.

Satanta, The Savage—A Dramatic Scene

It was a bright warm day on the 15th of June when the bronzed, weather-stained and wearied troopers of the Fourth Cavalry rode into Fort Richardson, with the prisoners closely guarded by our faithful Ton-ka-way scouts. They had been given ponies to ride. The rest of the garrison with the band, turned out to greet the command. The impression made upon the garrison will never be forgotten, for Sa-tan-ta the celebrated chief of the Ki-o-was whose name had been a terror to all the settlers and the entire Texas frontier was now really a prisoner of war. As the column halted, every eye was upon him. Every man, woman and child had heard of his reputation for bloody, almost unspeakable deeds.

He was over six feet in his moccasins, and, mounted upon a small pony, he seemed to be even taller than he really was. He was stark naked, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, except for a breech clout and pair of bead embroidered moccasins. Owing to the intense heat he had allowed his blanket to slip to his saddle and about his loins. His coarse, jet black hair, now thickly powdered with dust, hung tangled about his neck except a single braided scalp lock with but one long eagle feather to adorn it. His immense shoulders, broad back, deep chest, powerful hips and thighs, contrasted singularly with the slight forms of the Ton-ka-ways grouped about him. The muscles stood out on his gigantic frame like knots of whip cord, and his form proud and erect in the saddle, his perfectly immobile face and motionless body, gave him the appearance of polished mahogany, or, perhaps a bronze equestrian statue sprinkled with dust. Nothing but his intensely black, glittering eyes and a

slight motion of the eye lids betokened any life in that carved figure. Every feature of his proud face bespoke the disdain with which he regarded the curiosity of the crowd now gathered about headquarters to gaze at the famous savage chief. His feet were lashed with a raw hide lariat under his pony's belly; he was handcuffed—and disarmed and helpless, he was indeed a picture of fallen, savage greatness.

Big Tree, his companion, was much lighter in color, smaller in stature, and much inferior in his general appearance. His features were quite regular, and his nose more aquiline. There was something in his face, however, that betokened the crafty sneak, and he lacked nobility of manner and expression. He was more interested in the noisy hub-bub about him, and when the band played, he frequently turned his head to watch them and hear the music—not so Sa-tan-ta; his head never turned nor a muscle moved. Big Tree had a single feather to ornament his scalp lock, and, like Sa-tan-ta he also was naked.

The captives were turned over to the officer of the day, and after a hearty cheering and joyous greeting to the dust covered and bedraggled command, after their month of wearisome marching and exciting adventures, quiet once more reigned. A strong guard was placed at the guard house to prevent the incensed people of Jacksboro from killing the red handed murderers, as the nervous hitching of their six shooters about on their belts showed anything but a strong love for their red brothers—for some of the murdered men of Henry Warren's corn train lived in Jacksboro and went out from it on that eventful May day to their frightful death on Salt Creek prairie.

The writer was Post Adjutant and was in frequent conference with the Sheriff of Jack County and the District Attorney as to the security and safety of the Indian prisoners—pending their trial—and the manner by which they could without too great risk both be conveyed to the Court House—when that day should arrive. The guard

house was within a few yards of Lost Creek, the opposite side of which was fringed with a dense chapparral making it comparatively easy for a few determined ranchers or cow boys to conceal themselves and pick off the prisoners the moment they emerged through the doors of their cell. The District Attorney's name was S. W. T. Lanham. He was from Spartanburg, South Carolina—and lived in Weatherford about 40 miles from Fort R—. Many years after this trial he became a prominent member of the Texas bar—was elected to Congress (about 1896–8)—and later, (about 1902) became Governor of Texas—serving several terms—One of the counsel appointed to defend the prisoners was Frank Ball. He also became prominent in politics and was elected to Congress from Brackettville serving in the House of Reps. about the time Gov. Lanham did. He was at one time a candidate—for Speaker of the House.

Sa-tan-ta's Trial—The Cow-Boy's Verdict

In accordance with Gen. Sherman's letter of instructions herein quoted, the two chiefs were regularly indicted for murder in Jack County, Texas—and on July 6—they were removed from the Post guard house to the County Court house in the square of Jacksboro for trial, being very heavily guarded. The day for Sa-tan-ta's trial for murder had arrived. This trial was one of the most impressive and picturesque—yet most ludicrous acts of legal jurisdiction every witnessed by the hardy settlers and cow boys of Jack County and was, the writer believes, one of the first instances in the United States when an Indian Chief was regularly indicted and tried for murder by a legally drawn jury under a civil process. The Modoc war had not then occurred—the trial of the Modoc chiefs taking place nearly three years later.

The town of "Jack" was swarming with men, all intent upon seeing *justice* done Texans, the state and the *red man*. Accompanied by the Fort Sill interpreter, Horace P. Jones, who had come down with the command—and the counsel

who had been assigned, the blanketed chiefs with clanking chains walked into the little frame Court House. The jury had been empannelled; the district attorney bustled and flourished around. The whole country—*every man armed to the teeth*, tried to crowd in. It was impossible; so they surrounded the Court House, and listened almost breathlessly through the open windows.

Two long, dingy-wooden benches, well whittled and worn held the jurors who, in their shirt sleeves and with "*guns*" in their belts, nervously hitched about in their seats, and uneasily regarded the extreme novelty of their situation. Inside the prisoners railing sat the stolid chiefs, closely wrapped. The charge was regularly read—The interpreter's plead "not guilty" for the prisoners, then Ball, their counsel opened up and in a spread eagle, but eloquent speech referred to the numerous wrongs that the noble red man, "my brother," had suffered, wherein he had been cheated and despoiled of his lands, driven westward, westward until it seemed as though there was no limit to the greed of his white brothers.

If he had been guilty of acts of violence toward the aggressive race which was driving him out that was but the excusable retaliation, which merely human instinct,—nay, even the instinct of the worm that turns,—required of him.

Warming up to his task, he now threw off his coat, as it was an intensely hot day, and discoursed about the times of the Aztecs, Cortez and the Montezumas, and pictured Gautemozin lying calmly upon a bed of coals, as upon a couch of roses. Here he displayed considerable historical lore—but when he spoke of the majestic bird, the eagle, that emblem of our national freedom, and urged that the great chiefs be allowed to "fly away as free and unhampered," we turned quickly to watch the jury. Every cow boy juror had been industriously whittling the bench with his hunting knife and squirting tobacco juice at a crack—But the words of the counsel having been interpreted to the chiefs, their frequent grunts of approval

and delight at what they supposed meant immediate release, now sounded loudly over the court room. We noted an immediate change. They all hitched the "shoot-in irons" or "wee-pons"—which were strapped to their hips, to the front—rolled their shirt sleeves a little higher—immediately ceased reducing with their sheath knives the proportions of the jury bench, and now closely watched for further developments and more oratory.

The District Attorney was really an able advocate and lawyer, and he grew eloquent over the enormity of the chiefs crime, as he rapidly painted the cold-blooded massacre, and the cruel murder of the poor, white teamsters upon Salt Creek prairie. As he pictured the scene, the bloody chiefs victims lying cold and stark, the charred remains of one who had been slowly roasted alive chained to the wheel, every brow on that jury grew black, every juryman settled himself in his seat, gave an extra hitch to the gun on his belt, and we all saw the verdict plainly written on their faces, from the foreman to the very last man of the twelve "*tried and true.*"

The after piece of the other counsel for the defence had no perceptible effect. He took off coat, vest, collar and necktie, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and advancing up to the foreman, an old gray-headed wrinkled frontiersman, shook his fingers at him and gesticulated in the most emphatic, even violent manner. It was of no avail. The doom of the noble red man was sealed. The jury was briefly charged. It retired to a corner of the same room—a few moments of hurried consultation and angry head shaking, and they were back again in their seats. It was extra quick work—"Have the jury agreed upon a verdict?" "We have!" What say you, Mr. Foreman, are these Indian Chiefs, Sa-tan-ta and Big Tree, guilty, or not guilty, of murder?" With a most startling emphasis, the grizzly old foreman shouted so that everybody could hear him through the open windows to the crowded square—"*They are! We figger em guilty!*" It was a *unanimous verdict.*

They were sentenced to be hanged but the pressure from Washington was so great, the "Indian Quaker Ring" was so all powerful at that period—as that of the pacifists have been during the recent great world war—that Gov. Davis of Texas felt compelled to commute their sentences to imprisonment for life.

We held them as prisoners at Fort Richardson until the following October or November. During good weather they were taken out of the post guard house for air and exercise. The writer either as officer of the day or guard, frequently had them under his charge. During these periods, in their walks about the corrals and "Suds-ville" (laundress' quarters), their leg irons and handcuffs were never removed, except on one occasion when Sa-tan-ta contracted a genuine, and pretty bad case of guard-house itch, and then his handcuffs were unsnapped to permit him to scratch his ankles and apply some kind of soothing salve prescribed by the post surgeon. They were then transferrred to the State Penitentiary at Hunts-ville—where, a year later, they were released at the earnest solicitation of Indian Humanitarians for a short period on their good behavior. This was in September, 1872. The writer received them at Dallas, Texas, from the Civil Authorities in the middle of the night, heavily ironed, and guarded by jailers from the State Penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas, and after many trials and tribulations, during which, and being more than forty miles from any telegraph office—he was compelled to disobey the positive orders of the Dep't Commander and turn them over to the Indian Commissioners at Atocha, Indian Nation (now Oklahoma), although the place of delivery was Fort Sill, I. T.—But that is another story—Being caught red handed in 1874, away from their reservation—they were returned to Huntsville, when Sa-tan-ta, whose work was cane seating chairs, ended his life by throwing himself headlong from an upper balcony to the brick pavement below—Thus ended the life of one of the worst Indians in the history of this country.

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